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1920 MILESTONE IS INTRODUCED ON STUNT NIGHT

1920 VOLUME DEDICATED TO PROFESSOR J. B. NYKERK

Students, Wild With Enthusiasm
Last Friday evening the students of Hope College sensing a mysterious prophecy followed uncertainly a strange trail,—the Trail of the Red Arrow. At the end of the trail the last red arrow points significantly to a notice, "1920 Milestone Meeting Tonight—Chapel".

The mystery deepens. That evening promptly at seven all gathered in the chapel. Wierdly green and ghostly white curtains hide the platform. Strange sounds, whinings of dogs, ringing of bells, groans of human beings in distress, issue from behind the curtains.

In a moment we are reassured—for Dea Ossewaarde, editor of the Nineteen-twenty Milestone appears. She comes with a letter from Nineteen-twenty Milestone, informing us that that "Nineteen-twenty" will be the "best ever" because this year will be the best Hope has known.

Then suddenly in a breath we are transported to the year 1950. Before us appears the Reverend Mr. Al Lumnus. Handsome, ministerial, he reviews for us the Milestone of 1920. He turns to the Faculty pages. Before our dazzled eyes pass in solemn procession the members of that august body.

Ever faster moves the panorama. The Senior, in cap and gown, appears for a moment, gazing far into the future; little "Billy" Wichers, mascot of the Junior class, rides across the platform in a 1920 vehicle; a Sophomore loaded down with paint cans—all empty—files past; following closely come two Freshmen leading the Sophomores' goat. Finally arrive the "Preps," learning their A, B, C's as they go.

We are allowed to catch just a glimpse of society before we are hastened on to Athletics. Football, baseball, basketball, track,—all are represented. Hush! They speak! Each is proclaiming, as in gladiatorial combats of old, his strength and his conquests. What eloquence! The curtain drops to disclose this time girls' athletics. Four dear little gymnasts are presented. Their sweetly smiling countenances are as pleasant to look upon!

Dramatics is announced. Ah! does the world wonder why Hope is famous for its orators and dramatists? The whole play is alive with action. How vividly we can picture the falling of the thermometer, the rising moon, and time flying! How we are thrilled by the dignity of the heroine as she sweeps into the room! And how we weep as she turns a little pale and weeps tears.

The Volunteer Band is represented by a vivid scene in a Recruiting station. A moment later we are admiring a beautiful tableau—the spirit of Hope, representing the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

Hush! Soft strains of music are heard as the Rev. Al Lumnus announces the Music Department. It seems as if we are dreaming as one by one the singers appear on the Music Staff.

In the succeeding picture we are reminded of what the "boys across the road" are doing for us.

Turning to the Alumni page, the pastor gives us a picture of the future Alumni. "A true prophet" says the Rev. Mr. Al Lumnus—but he has already gone on to the joke page. Entrancing little picanninies of the Southland delight. Why, where is the pastor of 1950, where

Musical Gains Usual Favor

The annual recital of the College School of Music and Expression is always greeted by the people of Holland as a real event. Perhaps they are more eager for the entertainment than the students are. The evening of November 24th, Winants Chapel greeted all music-lovers to its halls. The recital was of a high class and again established the fact that the opportunities that are offered at Hope College are exceptional.

Mrs. W. K. Fenton, our instructor in Voice, first delighted the audience with three beautiful numbers. The human voice is a marvel in its ability to appeal and music is its greatest sphere for exercise. Mrs. Fenton is an artist and her rich voice has great possibilities. Mrs. Martha Cotton-Robbins accompanied Mrs. Fenton on the piano.

Mr. Cress played two selections from Leschetizsky and one from Chopin. His knowledge of technique and harmony and his excellent expression won the hearty applause of everyone present. Mr. Cress chose great composers and understood them thoroughly.

Miss Metz, our instructor in the School of Expression, always entertains by her delightful manner and as an interpreter of human nature she is an adept. Her readings ever show a great versatility and the repeated encore proved the appreciation of the audience.

Professor Meinecke's rendition on the violin of the "Fantasie de Concert" was indicative of his mastery of the most beautiful of all instruments. An artistic temperament is easily recognized by lovers of art and Professor Meinecke again captivated the students of Hope. He was ably accompanied by Miss Suzanne Hamelink at the piano.

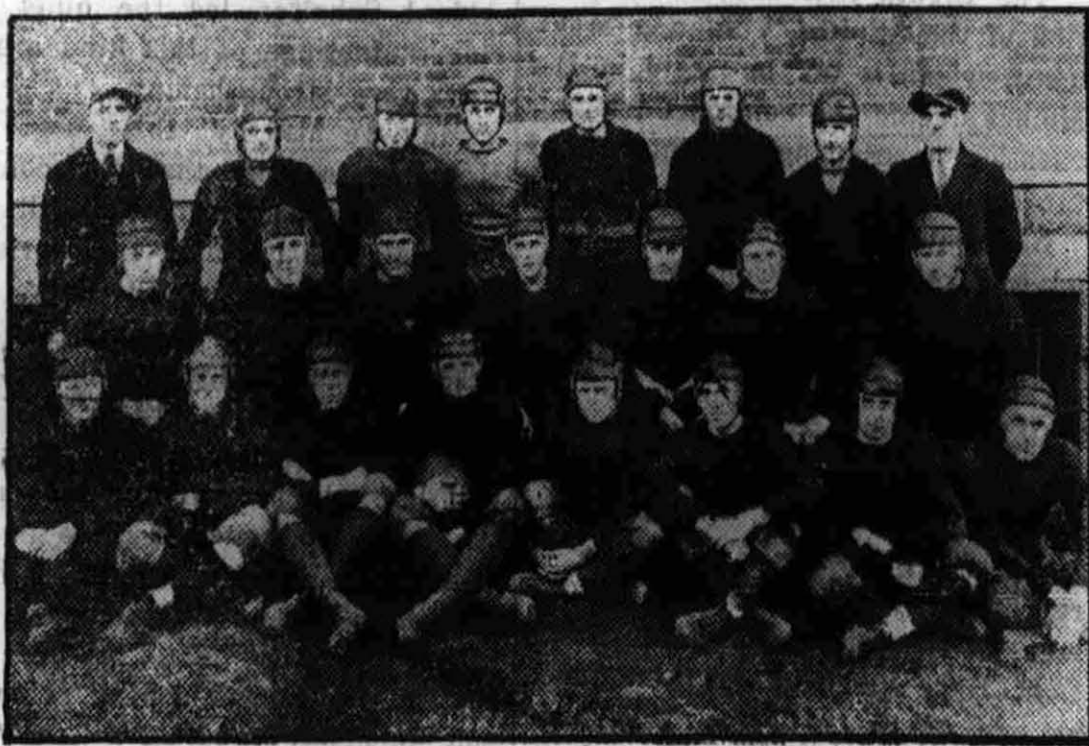
Program

- (a) Fairy Songs—The Fairy Children; (Canterbury Bells) Maurice Besly
(b) Summer Glow E. Lane
(c) Fulfillment J. MacDermid
Mrs. W. H. Fenton
(a) Valse, Op. 70, No. 1 Chopin
(b) Arabesque Leschetizsky
(c) Intermezzo in octave Leschetizsky
Mr. Oscar Cress
Reading (a) "When the frost is on the punkin" Riley
(b) The Wood Tick Riley
Miss Ethelyn Metz
Fantasie de Concert (Faust) Alard-Gounod
Mr. Bruno Meinecke
(a) The Little Piper W. Rummel
(b) Corals B. Treharni
(c) Awakening Mrs. A. O. Mason
Mrs. Fenton

All who were present at the recital enjoyed a "rare treat," the only regret being that the program was too short. All felt that Hope College may congratulate itself upon having for its Department of Music and Expression such a talented faculty.

are the wonderful visions? We see only the Milestone staff, busy working on the anatomy of the Milestone. As the typewriter ceases clicking the editor steps forward once more. She is very serious now as she says "I want you all to know that because he has done so much to make Hope what it is, because he has done so much for us in oratory, and because we all love him so, we have dedicated our Milestone to Professor Nykerk." While the students are applauding as they never applauded before, the mysterious Night has passed.

Hope's Successful Eleven



Top Row—Baker (Mgr.), Kingma, Slagh, De Jong, Viischer, Schuurmans, Stegeman, Coach Brooks.
Middle Row—Muilenburg, Roggen, Prins, Knutsen, P. Prins, Dalenberg.
Third Row—Boersma, Van Putten, Van Hazel, Jappinga, Voss, Steketee, Hoek, Wassenaar.

OUR FIRST YEAR'S RECORD

When Referee Irving blew his whistle calling the Hope-Junior College game to a close, he also brot an end to the 1919 football season and the first real football schedule which Hope has had since 1913. Three victories and three defeats or an average of 500 per cent sounds mighty well when one considers the greenness and inexperience of the majority of the players and that the strongest teams came at the beginning of the season.

In the first clash of the season with Kazoo College, M. I. A. A. champions, the Orange and Blue eleven held the Celery City gridders to a 0-0 score the first half and acknowledged defeat only after three regulars had been injured and were forced to retire from the game.

The following week Coach Brooks took his squad to Alma minus the services of P. Prins, Van Hazel, Hoek and Van Putten. After holding the Almaniens to one touchdown for three quarters, the team weakened in the last ten minutes of play after Jappinga, captain and quarterback, had been injured.

The M. A. C. Fresh game was by far the cleanest and most hard fought game of the season. It gave the college football fans their first opportunity to see their team in action. All the cripples were once more back in harness and the game showed that the team was rounding into form. It was in this game that Jappinga kicked a pretty field goal from the 30-yard line, making the first score of the season.

Hope rung up her first victory against the Ferris Institute aggregation swamping them under a 71-6 score. The aerial attack proved especially successful, Jappinga hurling the pigskin into the waiting arms of one of his teammates time and again.

The next victim was Junior College of Grand Rapids. Two games were played with the Furniture City eleven and Hope had no trouble in registering two more victories. The smashing attacks of Tuny Prins, Steketee, and Van Hazel, and low short forward passes proved too much for the Grand Rapids team and both games were won by a good margin.

Dick Jappinga was the biggest point getter, scoring five touchdowns, two field goals, and kicking twelve goals for a total of 48 points. John Steketee and Willard Van Hazel are tied for second honors, each crossing the enemy's last white line four times for a total of 24 points. "Tuny" Prins ranks third with

three touchdowns and Johnnie Dalenberg with one touchdown to his credit. Hope scored 120 points to her opponents' 94. Great credit must be given to Coach Brooks for his work in training the team. When one realizes that most of the men could only come out for an hour a day and for three days a week and that at least two thirds of the team had had no real football experience, he developed a strong squad by the last of the season.

Eight varsity men tossed the Orange and Blue jersey aside for the last time after the Hope-Junior game. The basketball will be badly riddled with only Jappinga and Van Putten left. The players worked regularly this season. Despite the loss of Prins, Van Hazel, Steketee and Voss, there is plenty of material that can be developed. De Jong, Boersma, and Slagh showed up well the last of the season and should have no trouble in filling gaps in the line.

The 1919 football season was a distinct success and the credit must be distributed among those to whom the honor is due. The support of the student body and the efficient work of Coach Brooks were powerful factors in our victories. Too much credit and gratitude cannot be given to the second team players who came out for every scrimmage and labored thru the entire season without any definite game in prospect.

Finally, last but not least, the college owes a real debt of gratitude to its efficient and loyal manager, Mr. Peter Baker. His was a task that often was unattractive and thankless enough, but with characteristic tenacity, he held on and guided Hope's first year of the gridiron-sport to real victory.

Season Results

	Hope	Opp'ts
Oct. 4 Hope at Kazoo	0	30
Oct. 11 Hope at Alma	0	39
Oct. 25 M. A. C. Fresh at Hope	3	13
Nov. 8 Ferris Institute at Hope	71	6
Nov. 15 Hope at G. R. Junior College	20	6
Nov. 22 Junior College at Hope	26	0
	120	94

You will never "find time" for anything; if you want time, you must make it. —Chas. Buxton.

Take all the swift advantage of the hours. —Shakespeare.

Eloquence is vehement simplicity. —Cecil.

"Y" CONFERENCE SOUNDS KEYNOTE FOR BIG SERVICE

NATIONAL FIGURES PRESENT LIVING PROBLEMS TO MEN OF AMERICA

Great and complex were the problems that confronted the fortieth International Y. M. C. A. Convention. How to turn the social unrest of today into constructive channels—how to crush Bolshevism, how to establish the Y. M. C. A. in rural centers, how to fulfill the request of many nations for a world-wide expansion of the Y. M. C. A. were a few of the questions that confronted the convention.

More than ten committees reported on various subjects,—the most vital being those on "The Practice of Prayer," "The Relation of the Y. M. C. A. to the Churches" and "The Occupations of the Field." Men like Governor Carl Milliken, from Maine, Lewis A. Crosset, from Boston, Cyrus H. Mc Cormick of Chicago, and Henry Churchill King of Oberlin College, served on these committees. The last named committee reported that 445 student centers are not yet organized.

The convention opened Wednesday morning, November 19th with Rev. John Timothy Stone speaking on "The Power of God." He said "Irresistible, inexhaustible, omnipotent is the power God will use in your life, if you will but obey and wait before Him." Thursday morning, President Henry Churchill King said that the only religion that came out of the war unstained, was the Christianity of Jesus Christ, and that the method to build up an enduring christian civilization is the method Christ used. Bishop Francis J. Mc Connel said, when speaking of Mexico, that it will be much easier to bring Christ to the Mexicans before shooting them down than after, and that Christ had never commanded us to shoot the gospel into every creature.

Friday evening was most interesting of all. Warren S. Stone, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, represented Labor; Charles D. Williams, president of the National Church League for social and industrial democracy, represented the public while Thomas L. Ferguson, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, represented capital. The grand chief said there was something wrong with a democracy in which 6,000,000 American children go each night hungry to bed, a democracy that produced in 18 months of war, 20,000 millionaires. He said what we need is the Spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of the golden rule, not till we have that spirit can there be industrial peace and justice. Bishop Williams, in speaking about the "Red reactionaries," said: "You might as well legislate against the law of fermentation as against the new democracy." He too claimed the only solution of social unrest is at the feet of Christ. Homer Ferguson warned the radicals that greater democracy in industry can only come by the old, orderly constitutional method. The burden of his speech was "Back to the Republic."

Besides these speakers, Robert E. Speer, Sherwood Eddy and John R. Mott, men well known to the students of America, spoke on vital topics. General Summerall, commander of the 1st Division, showed the influence of the worth of the Y. M. C. A. on the morale of the army and Secretary Daniels showed how the navy won the war.

The Anchor

Published every Wednesday during the College year by students of Hope College.

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A BIG STANDARD

As the official publication for the student body of Hope college, the Anchor expresses its most enthusiastic appreciation to the heroes of the gridiron. It takes lots of real worth for a fellow to come out every night for several weeks for the honor, the glory, and—the love, of his Alma Mater.

The same spirit which the orator or debater shows is the spirit of the athlete—and perhaps his is a spirit which demands more self-sacrifice and gives less pleasure. Mr. Baker, manager, has been on the job from the beginning and it was he, more than any one else, who made the men come out and who put the proposition squarely before the students of Hope.

Every man who came out consistently for foot-ball has proven himself a loyal son of Hope. Those of us who have not yet shown this loyalty have many ways to show it. Let us reflect concerning the standard that has been set and advance toward the standard we have set for ourselves—and then gain victory.

ANOTHER NEW PATRIOTISM

A few years ago the expression "a new patriotism" was heard everywhere—from the learned and scholarly discourses of literary critics to the ravings of proletarian orators. It is a joy to us to know that a really new patriotism or rather a new expression of it has come to our notice. The coal mining situation has become grievous and each day we fear for some now calamity.

Men from all over the country have signified their willingness to serve their land in the coal mines. How that grates our ears! And yet, that is the new and lofty expression of our patriotism. We are not likely to be Nathan Hales in the expression of our patriotism. What is worse—we are afraid to express ourselves. Noble America! God bless her! May the manhood of today mount up to the manhood of those that lived and are now lying in Europe.

If America needs laborers in the coal mines, let us be ready, men of Hope, to be true to those who sleep. Let us be ready, women of Hope, to grapple with the problems that will face you. Yes, and I say it sincerely, be ready to be the messengers of comfort, joy and purity to the men who are eager to pay another less glowing but more worth while service to their country and humanity.

LEAGUE PROGRESS

"We have met the enemy, but they beat us," is about all Captain Cooper of the Pill Rollers has to say. Even basket ball has its Waterloo. At least, so the Pill Rollers believe, now that they have been twice conquered by the mighty foe. After leading the leagues with a clean slate of four straight victories, the Pill Rollers have been beaten twice. And the championship race

again assumes an interesting aspect. Several of the teams have been beaten but once and the team that works hard has a good chance at the "feed." The deciding games will be played during the coming week. Every man be out to support the teams. Surely an eight dollar "feed" ought to have some attraction in these days of H. C. L.

HOPE REPRESENTATIVES TO HEAR GREAT MEN IN WORLD

The Eighth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, which is to be held in Des Moines during the coming Christmas vacation is arousing the interest of the entire student world.

Six thousand students are expected to gather at Convention Hall where forty nations are to be represented. Beyond a doubt, it will be the largest student gathering of the present year and it bids fair to be the largest and greatest ever assembled.

Recently, in our assemblage of representatives of the Eastern Colleges in the interest of the Convention, Hope College was announced as one of the colleges, which had applied for its full quota and requesting for additional delegates. We are glad Hope College has so unhesitatingly seen the great value gained thru a convention of this nature, the purpose of which is to consider unitedly the evangelization of the world, to give the necessary information and to impress upon us all that too often forgotten essential element of Christian character, a sincere prayer life.

The advantages of the convention will be unlimited. Every evening the delegates will hear one or more of the foremost leaders in Christendom. At other times, conferences on the great fields of China, Africa, India, Japan, Turkey, etc., will be in session which will give a glimpse of the work in the various fields. Interviews, which will enable students interested in missionary endeavor to meet personally some of the representatives who are guiding the movement of Christianity through the world, will be a very practical feature.

The Convention, however, does not merely benefit the delegates, our school or any school is sending as its representation. It concerns the entire student body of America and its purpose will not be realized unless Hope College gains more clearly the vision of a world in need of our Christ. Hope College has fulfilled a wonderful mission in the past in sending 15% of its graduates in the work of missionary activity. Today 25% of its Senior class are Student Volunteers and we claim for it a still larger part in the sharing of the light of the gospel story to those who have neither heard of Christmas nor know its significance. To this end, the convention needs the prayers of each Hopeite, and Hope College demands it, in order to "carry on" in the program given us by our Leader, "Go ye—"

Grace Mersen, Elizabeth Zwemer, Jedidah Ossewaarde, Teunis Prins, Dick Bloeker and Willard Van Hazel will represent us at this great international conference.

Y. W. C. A.

World Fellowship was very cleverly depicted by the presentation of a little play. It was directed by Miss Tena Holkeboer and presented by preparatory girls. Natalie Read played the role of Madge, a young student uninterested in the welfare of her foreign sisters. A vision and a pathetic appeal of those less fortunate than herself brot her to a sudden realization of her duty to become better acquainted with those in far off lands.

Miss Ball, a Y. W. field secretary gave a most interesting talk on the work of the Y. W. abroad. She gave many startling statistics and told us of the growing demands of the work. Y. W. has definite plans for mis-

sion study classes. There are to be three classes for college girls and one for those in the preparatory department.

Student Volunteer Band

Having received from time to time letters from the headquarters of our organization, urging us to remember the Student Volunteer Convention in our prayers, we thought it well to set aside an entire meeting for prayer for this convention. Alfred Scholten led the quiet session. Meetings of this kind are always very strengthening.

May we also by this urge all Hopeites to pray that the convention may be of great results in bringing the light of the world to those who are still in the dark. We can, as students, do little for the present crisis of the world, but every crisis demands prayer, and we can at least pray. Thus too, we will learn to prepare for the crises that will soon enough come in our own lives. Every ex-soldier at Hope who has been under enemy's fire, will tell you that had it not been for prayer his life would have collapsed and some day you too, will be "under fire."

The modern majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it. —Carlyle.

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Literary Department

Reminiscences of a "Polar Bear"

(Editor's Note—In the following narrative, Mr. Laman, one of our expeditionaries to Russia, has given a graphic picture of his experiences. Those of us who bear radical views, might do well to consider what he has to say and temper them with the wisdom of actual fact. His concluding paragraph is excellent. Is it to be a Kerensky, a Lenine, a Peter the Great?—Inexorable Time alone will tell.)

The days we spent in the Arctic wilderness during the American and Allied offensive against the Bolsheviks will ever remain in our memory. In a land where our only friend seemed to be Aurora Borealis, far away from the enemy we had expected to meet were a people who had not only lost faith in themselves and their government, but looked upon all strangers with dislike and hate. To our south and west the blackest cloud in social history was rising. Already it had overshadowed "White Russia," and was spreading ominously northward, toward us—as the midnight sun receded.

For a long time the Yanks were under a great shadow of suspicion and doubt. But when the natives saw the persistent labors of our men, they gradually caught some of our spirit. Then too, reports of the bravery of our infantry came in from the fronts, and inspired them to take a part in our struggles. Soon their draft called the laggard ones and although there were many fluctuations in spirit, the Slavo-British Legion formed an important part among the fighting units there.

Our work in the city of Archangel consisted largely of building a camp for the British troops, and officers' quarters. Space does not permit a detailed description of the city or the "doings" there. Leaving the British to hold Archangel as a front line, let us go to the real front where the Yanks were "pulling whiskers."

After traveling on that chamber of horrors called the midnight train to the front, we reached the village of Oberzerskaya, about eight miles from the Bolo's lair. Thru miles of swamps and evergreen forest we hiked to the maze of wire, trenches and dugouts where the doughboys lived. Here the Yanks, Poilus, and Russians shared alike. Everyday there were scouting parties and patrols thru the swamp and forests to ascertain the enemy's activity. The snow was deep. The cold was intense as the squads peered thru the brush looking for Bolos. Many a time it happened after an all day tramp, that two hostile patrols met, smiled at each other, and turned back without word or shot. General John Bolo would send over a thousand or two shells each day, and the Canadian Artillery, or the King's Own, or the Russian "matross" with his naval guns, would retaliate by sending a few greetings to Trotsky and his followers.

Following a trail thru the snow in an easterly direction for three days a distance of ninety miles, brought us to the Kadesh front. Here we existed for 90 days in the wilderness, and, as army engineers, fortified that front and took part in the offensive of New Year's. The valiant doughboys were living outdoors with the thermometer way below zero, and they were sent out on 24 hour patrols with only a can of frozen "willie" and three hard-tacks to eat. Our work consisted of building blockhouses, emplacements, and entanglements. It was our task to go out at night and put up wire and cut down enemy obstacles. This was unpleasant because we could see the gleam of hostile steel only a few hundred yards off. Why they so often spared us is a mystery, only we do know that no other allied soldiers took chances like we did and lived to tell about it. One night we had the misfortune of getting lost and wandered to within 50 yards of the other side before we discovered our mistake. There is a thrill of adventure

in thus being out in "No Man's Land" and only a dim realization of imminent danger. There were times when we begrudged the thickness of our clothes and, in our desire to get as near as possible to Mother Earth, we unknowingly faced the Chinese "shock" troops.

Many funny things may be related about this expedition. One time a Scotch colonel decided that a certain town was too dangerous to stay in, so he retreated, burning a bridge behind him to cover his retreat. On that same night, John Bolo also retreated twenty miles and burned a bridge behind him. Thus two good bridges were burned on the same night, which afterward meant much night work for us. Another time, a Limey guard heard a tree crack on a cold night, and mistook it for a rifle shot; the result was that the whole front "stood to" for three hours. As borrowers, we were considered past masters, and many a Limey must have wondered what America was like. Owing to the short British ration, and the large Yank appetites, nothing edible could be left without a guard for an instant, and many strips of bacon, sacks of sugar and sweets intended for Imperials only, disappeared as by magic, and then our mess sergeant would have a guard stationed at our door to give the alarm when Britishers came near. The jugs containing rum were always marked S. R. D. and the Yanks interpreted it "Seldom Reaches Destination," and this was literally true, for much of it was gulped down Yank throats.

On their side of the Emsa river, the Bolos had a large sign which read "We are brothers, why fight?" and another, "Germany has peace, we want peace." We often planned a night detail to get these signs, but were never successful, until the trench mortar men had cleared out the machine gun nests on the morning of December 30. Starting at six o'clock, about four hundred Yanks pushed back the enemy about four miles to the village of Kadesh. We were greatly outnumbered and were without artillery support. Many Yanks died that day to make the world safe for democracy. We held the town at nightfall, and on a hill later called "Suicide," we withstood a strong counter-attack, fighting in the dark. Then, there was a two-day barrage turned on the town, during which we hid in cellars and behind hastily thrown-up barricades. We held the town for three weeks when orders came from Headquarters to evacuate. They were afraid that we would all be annihilated, knowing the strength and numbers of our opponents.

Our hopes of a rest were shattered soon after this by a retreat of the British on another front. So climbing on Russian sleighs, with our brave lieutenant in the last sleigh with the fastest horses, our platoon set out on this fifty mile trip. We expected to encounter a fight on the way, which would have meant sure death to our small number. We met great numbers of men, women and children fleeing from the Bolsheviks, and these refugees advised us to turn around also. We arrived at Shred Makrenga in time to put up many miles of wire and block-houses, by which we stopped the advance. The first night we were surely discouraged, for there were not more than 400 of us, while there were thousands of the enemy. And our artillery had only twelve rounds of ammunition; But there was no attack for three days and when it came it failed because the enemy heard there were Americans in the town and the Reds would not advance. We were well repaid about a week after this to see the wire we had put up with so much discomfort adorned with bodies of the Bolsheviks, who had also died for liberty. The engineers had saved the day, as in many other instances, and the British at Archangel breathed

more freely.

So great was the alarm everywhere that the Bolos would carry out their threat of driving us into the White Sea, that we were ordered to build a secondary defense line, forty miles long, around Archangel. This work consisted of removing all natural obstacles, building block-houses and emplacements. In this labor we were nobly assisted by the Russian civilians. But this was not very long. The Bolo was on another rampage at Bolshaya Ozerki, threatening Oberzerskaya itself, and we once more were sent to the fighting line for four weeks and returned to Archangel on Decoration Day. Our places were taken by thirty thousand British volunteers, who said they had been "shanghied" into this service and very soon wished too, they were back in Blighty.

These reminiscences are but a few of the outstanding features of my experiences, and I submit them to the readers of the Anchor with a hope that they may not mislead or be misunderstood. Here is Winston Churchill's view of the situation: "It must be by Russian manhood, Russian courage, and Russian virtue that the regeneration of so great a nation can alone be achieved, and not by the blood of foreign nations."

—B. L.



At high noon on Tuesday, November 25, occurred the marriage of Miss Madaline Alydia Van Putten to Mr. John James Riemersma at the First Presbyterian church of Oak Park, Ill., Rev. John M. Vander Meulen performing the ceremony. The church was tastily decorated for the ceremony and the only guests present were the immediate relatives from Iowa and Michigan. After the ceremony a sumptuous wedding dinner was served at the Hotel La Salle. Mr. and Mrs. Riemersma took a honeymoon trip thru Illinois and Wisconsin. They will be at home to their many friends after February 1st at 355 River Avenue. Mr. Riemersma graduated from Hope in 1914, took a postgraduate course at the U. of M. and has taught in Holland High school for several years. He served as a commissioned officer during the war and saw active service in France. At present he is acting as principal of Holland High school.

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Literary Department

Reminiscences of a "Polar Bear"

(Editor's Note—In the following narrative, Mr. Laman, one of our expeditionaries to Russia, has given a graphic picture of his experiences. Those of us who bear radical views, might do well to consider what he has to say and temper them with the wisdom of actual fact. His concluding paragraph is excellent. Is it to be a Kerensky, a Lenin, a Peter the Great?—Inexorable Time alone will tell.)

The days we spent in the Arctic wilderness during the American and Allied offensive against the Bolsheviks will ever remain in our memory. In a land where our only friend seemed to be Aurora Borealis, far away from the enemy we had expected to meet were a people who had not only lost faith in themselves and their government, but looked upon all strangers with dislike and hate. To our south and west the blackest cloud in social history was rising. Already it had overshadowed "White Russia," and was spreading ominously northward, toward us—as the midnight sun receded.

For a long time the Yanks were under a great shadow of suspicion and doubt. But when the natives saw the persistent labors of our men, they gradually caught some of our spirit. Then too, reports of the bravery of our infantry came in from the fronts, and inspired them to take a part in our struggles. Soon their draft called the laggard ones and although there were many fluctuations in spirit, the Slavo-British Legion formed an important part among the fighting units there.

Our work in the city of Archangel consisted largely of building a camp for the British troops, and officers' quarters. Space does not permit a detailed description of the city or the "doings" there. Leaving the British to hold Archangel as a front line, let us go to the real front where the Yanks were "pulling whiskers."

After traveling on that chamber of horrors called the midnight train to the front, we reached the village of Oberzerskaya, about eight miles from the Bolo's lair. Thru miles of swamps and evergreen forest we hiked to the maze of wire, trenches and dugouts where the doughboys lived. Here the Yanks, Poilus, and Russians shared alike. Everyday there were scouting parties and patrols thru the swamp and forests to ascertain the enemy's activity. The snow was deep. The cold was intense as the squads peered thru the brush looking for Bolos. Many a time it happened after an all day tramp, that two hostile patrols met, smiled at each other, and turned back without word or shot. General John Bolo would send over a thousand or two shells each day, and the Canadian Artillery, or the King's Own, or the Russian "matross" with his naval guns, would retaliate by sending a few greetings to Trotsky and his followers.

Following a trail thru the snow in an easterly direction for three days a distance of ninety miles, brought us to the Kadesh front. Here we existed for 90 days in the wilderness, and, as army engineers, fortified that front and took part in the offensive of New Year's. The valiant doughboys were living outdoors with the thermometer way below zero, and they were sent out on 24 hour patrols with only a can of frozen "willie" and three hard-tacks to eat. Our work consisted of building blockhouses, emplacements, and entanglements. It was our task to go out at night and put up wire and cut down enemy obstacles. This was unpleasant because we could see the gleam of hostile steel only a few hundred yards off. Why they so often spared us is a mystery, only we do know that no other allied soldiers took chances like we did and lived to tell about it. One night we had the misfortune of getting lost and wandered to within 50 yards of the other side before we discovered our mistake. There is a thrill of adventure

in thus being out in "No Man's Land" and only a dim realization of imminent danger. There were times when we begrudged the thickness of our clothes and, in our desire to get as near as possible to Mother Earth, we unknowingly faced the Chinese "shock" troops.

Many funny things may be related about this expedition. One time a Scotch colonel decided that a certain town was too dangerous to stay in, so he retreated, burning a bridge behind him to cover his retreat. On that same night, John Bolo also retreated twenty miles and burned a bridge behind him. Thus two good bridges were burned on the same night, which afterward meant much night work for us. Another time, a Limey guard heard a tree crack on a cold night, and mistook it for a rifle shot; the result was that the whole front "stood to" for three hours. As borrowers, we were considered past masters, and many a Limey must have wondered what America was like. Owing to the short British ration, and the large Yank appetites, nothing edible could be left without a guard for an instant, and many strips of bacon, sacks of sugar and sweets intended for Imperials only, disappeared as by magic, and then our mess sergeant would have a guard stationed at our door to give the alarm when Britishers came near. The jugs containing rum were always marked S. R. D. and the Yanks interpreted it "Seldom Reaches Destination," and this was literally true, for much of it was gulped down Yank throats.

On their side of the Emsa river, the Bolos had a large sign which read "We are brothers, why fight?" and another, "Germany has peace, we want peace." We often planned a night detail to get these signs, but were never successful, until the trench mortar men had cleared out the machine gun nests on the morning of December 30. Starting at six o'clock, about four hundred Yanks pushed back the enemy about four miles to the village of Kadesh. We were greatly outnumbered and were without artillery support. Many Yanks died that day to make the world safe for democracy. We held the town at nightfall, and on a hill later called "Suicide," we withstood a strong counter-attack, fighting in the dark. Then, there was a two-day barrage turned on the town, during which we hid in cellars and behind hastily thrown-up barricades. We held the town for three weeks when orders came from Headquarters to evacuate. They were afraid that we would all be annihilated, knowing the strength and numbers of our opponents.

Our hopes of a rest were shattered soon after this by a retreat of the British on another front. So climbing on Russian sleighs, with our brave lieutenant in the last sleigh with the fastest horses, our platoon set out on this fifty mile trip. We expected to encounter a fight on the way, which would have meant sure death to our small number. We met great numbers of men, women and children fleeing from the Bolsheviks, and these refugees advised us to turn around also. We arrived at Shred Makrenga in time to put up many miles of wire and blockhouses, by which we stopped the advance. The first night we were surely discouraged, for there were not more than 400 of us, while there were thousands of the enemy. And our artillery had only twelve rounds of ammunition; But there was no attack for three days and when it came it failed because the enemy heard there were Americans in the town and the Reds would not advance. We were well repaid about a week after this to see the wire we had put up with so much discomfort adorned with bodies of the Bolsheviks, who had also died for liberty. The engineers had saved the day, as in many other instances, and the British at Archangel breathed

more freely.

So great was the alarm everywhere that the Bolos would carry out their threat of driving us into the White Sea, that we were ordered to build a secondary defense line, forty miles long, around Archangel. This work consisted of removing all natural obstacles, building blockhouses and emplacements. In this labor we were nobly assisted by the Russian civilians. But this was not very long. The Bolo was on another rampage at Bolshaya Ozerki, threatening Oberzerskaya itself, and we once more were sent to the fighting line for four weeks and returned to Archangel on Decoration Day. Our places were taken by thirty thousand British volunteers, who said they had been "shanghaied" into this service and very soon wished too, they were back in Blighty.

These reminiscences are but a few of the outstanding features of my experiences, and I submit them to the readers of the Anchor with a hope that they may not mislead or be misunderstood. Here is Winston Churchill's view of the situation: "It must be by Russian manhood, Russian courage, and Russian virtue that the regeneration of so great a nation can alone be achieved, and not by the blood of foreign nations."

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Campus News

The "As" and "Cs" went to the Park Friday night. Miss Baker and strange, to say, Mr. Ten Haken chaperoned the party.

Altho the Prins-Baker Quartet represents student talent, the Prins-Baker Duet is a faculty-student joint organization.

Thursday night the Ladies' Literary Club entertained the caste of "Oh, Cindy, Cindy!"

Dea Ossewaarde will reward the finder of her education book with a box of fudge.—(Adv.)

When Billy Wichers came on the stage Friday night, the audience gave three rousing cheers. Matt Van Oostenburg yelled loudest. Was he yelling for Billy?

Anne de Cook has gone home for the rest of the term. If she read all her train letters she kept busy till she reached Chicago.

Al Kingma doesn't seem to be himself "Etwas ist los" surely.

No Senate in Those Days!
"Say, pa, what keeps us from falling off the earth when we are upside down?"
"The Law of Gravity."
"Well, how did folks stay on before the law yas passed?"

Gerry—"Why did you call your horse 'Regulator'?"
Pockets—"All the other horses go by him."

"Befnachekizgmuncob!"
This is the Eskimo word for "I love you."
Now we know why nights up north have to be so long.

Book Agent:—"I'll guarantee the book to do one quarter of your lessons."
Bert—"Four, please."

One of our prominent fresh, being broke and thirsty, stepped into the Model Drug Store and said: "Give me a lemonade." After it was made up and set before him, he said, "Give me a 'coke' instead." The clerk acquiesced and set the beverage before him. The fresh drank it off and walked towards the door.

"Pay me for the coke," said the clerk.
"I traded it for the lemonade," said the fresh.

"Pay me for the lemonade, then."
"I didn't drink it," and the door slammed.

Miss Christine Van Raalte, '16, and Miss Harriet Baker, '19, spent Saturday in Grand Rapids.

Bud De Wolf has confessed to having a steady. Babe Van Putten doesn't deny it.

Some kind friend told "Simplicius Pete" that A. Roggen was President Dimment. Babe rose to the occasion with creditable presence of mind and offered him a certificate of entrance into Hope. This happened a long time ago, but the girls are still waiting for the new gallant.

Olive Boland is wearing her hair down. T his hasty move on the part of Ollie's hair caused great consternation among the masculine element.

The "Ds" held a class party at Alice Ihrman's home on Friday night. Miss Van Raalte chaperoned.

Windy Burggraaf is on the verge of starvation for food. Unfortunate at the Dorm, all is matter, and for Windy "All is Mind."

Harold Lubbers has a cut on his fingers from one to two millimeters in length. The girls offer their most sincere condolences.

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that 'as hit."
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1:30 to 5 P. M.

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